

and left China. His fame must have spread throughout the empire, for it appears that he was known to the custom house officer Yin-Hi, who thought it a pity that such a man should be lost to China without at least bequeathing to the people the message of his philosophy. Thereupon Lao-tze wrote a book, and our frontispiece represents him in the house of the custom house officer, writing his Treatise on Reason and Virtue, a short book comprising only a few more than 5000 characters, but remarkable for its philosophical depth and the nobility of its ethics.

THE WEED'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY MARTHA MARTIN.

Nay, but tell me, am I not unlucky indeed,
To arise from the earth, and be only a weed?

Ever since I came out of my dark little seed,
I have tried to live rightly, but still am a weed.

To be torn by the roots and destroyed—this my meed,
And despised by the gardener for being a weed.

Ah! but why was I born when man longs to be freed
Of a thing so obnoxious and bad as a weed.

Now the cause of myself and my brothers I plead,—
Say—can any good come of my being a weed?

If a purpose divine is in all things decreed,
Then there must be some benefit from me—a weed.

If of evil and suffering the world still has need
In its path of development, then I, a weed

Must form part of that plan which in Nature I read,
Though I live but to die just for being—a weed.

A POEM BY BUSCH.

Wilhelm Busch was never married, and it almost seems that only a confirmed bachelor could be so satirical and at times almost frivolous as he. His muse does not care for dignity or decorum. He himself speaks of her as a country lass who carelessly dances in wooden shoes and does not stop to apologize when she now and then steps on the toes of one of the spectators;—such is the custom at rustic merry-makings.

Concerning his way of presenting things he said: "Nothing looks as it is, and least of all man, this leather bag full of tricks, not to mention capriosos and masks of vanity."

Though Busch did not idealize life but brought out in his caricatures the follies of mankind and though he himself has not felt the influence of family life, we know from one or two of his poems that the softening influence of a woman's soul was a steady guide in his life. The last poem of his *Kritik des Herzens* shows this feature of his character, and if Busch appears to the world as a crusty old bachelor we should bear in mind the tender background of the